

Raghupati

The shadow of your own
fear.

Nakshatra

Do we not hear the sound of
a cry ?

Raghupati

The sound of your own
heart.
Shake off your despondency,
Prince*
Let us drink this wine duly
consecrated. So long as the
purpose remains in the mind, it looms
large and fearful. In action it becomes
small.
The vapour is dark and
diffused. It
dissolves into water drops,
that are
small and sparkling. Prince,
it is
nothing. It takes only a
moment,—
not more than it does to snuff a
candle.
That life's light will die in a
flash,
like lightning in the stormy
night of
July, leaving its thunderbolt
for ever
deep in the King's pride. But,
Prince,
why are you so silent ?